

Words and Music by
MARK MORALES, DARREN ROBINSON
and DAMON WIMBLEY

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Unh-unh... Brrrrr, STICK 'EM!

When fresh beats and rhymes col-lide, don't be sure it's a hop and a

Fat Boys pos - i - tive. Get read - y for this;— We're giv - in' up no slack.— You

guessed it! The Fat Boys are back, with Prince,

[illegible]

and Kool Rock,

and the Hu-man Beat Box one

8

(To Verses 2,3,4 + end
on Intro.)

(Buff 8610)

time in your mind!

2. Amazing to the eye; Outstanding to the ear;
And, if you've never seen him, you'll wonder where
His beats come from, machine or man;
He's also cuttin' up 'cause he's in command!

Buff solo.

3. Now, my name is Markie Dee and I'm on the go,
And, due to miscalculations, I'm gonna let you know,
That I'm the Prince of Rap, the King of Hip-Hop
And, when my mouth starts to movin', I will not stop,
'Cause I'm all the way live with so much juice;
So, check out the Prince and start to get loose!
Capital P; bad as can be;
Can't no other MC mess with me!
I go to all the places where MCs are mean,
Where their eyes turn red and their tongues turn green,
Some of them fat and some of them lean,
But they always step back when I'm on the scene;
Because I make 'em, break 'em, rattle and shake 'em,
Ice 'em on the top and sure enough bake 'em!
I'm the grease in the pan; I got the juice for the girls;
At five-foot-eight with natural curls!
So, Kool Rock! Kool Rock-ski?
I heard you're in the place to be!
4. Kool Rock-ski, as you can see,
Master of Disaster, the Chief of the East;
And, when I'm on the mike, I make it into rhymes,
Hip-Hop, all things, I'm qualified!
Too hot to handle; Too cold to hold;
Other than that, I'm badder than bold!
I'm on the microphone, take complete control,
With the Human Beat Box on the side of me,
Guaranteed to rock the rhythm, make you move your feet!

I like this, y'all!
I like this, y'all!
And, when I fire my revolver,
I never miss!

Buff solo.

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(BOX BEAT SOLO)

RAP #2. And, as we told you before,
He is the grandmaster:
The man with the beats
To cause a disaster;
The man who's on the top,
Guaranteed to rock
From a postitive source:
It's the Human Beat Box
With a million watts of power
Coming out of his mouth—
Making all the young ladies
Want to scream and shout—
With a thousand beats
For every day of the week!
So, come on, Beat Box,
Play one for me:

(BEAT BOX SOLO)

RAP #3. You know the passion is great;
The beats are clear;
The people are drawn
From far and near:
'Cause we're fierce, fresh,
Kicking and live,
And we'll pump at your party
From nine to five!
So, if you want a sound
That'll fit you to a "T"
Listen to the sounds
Of the Disco 3!